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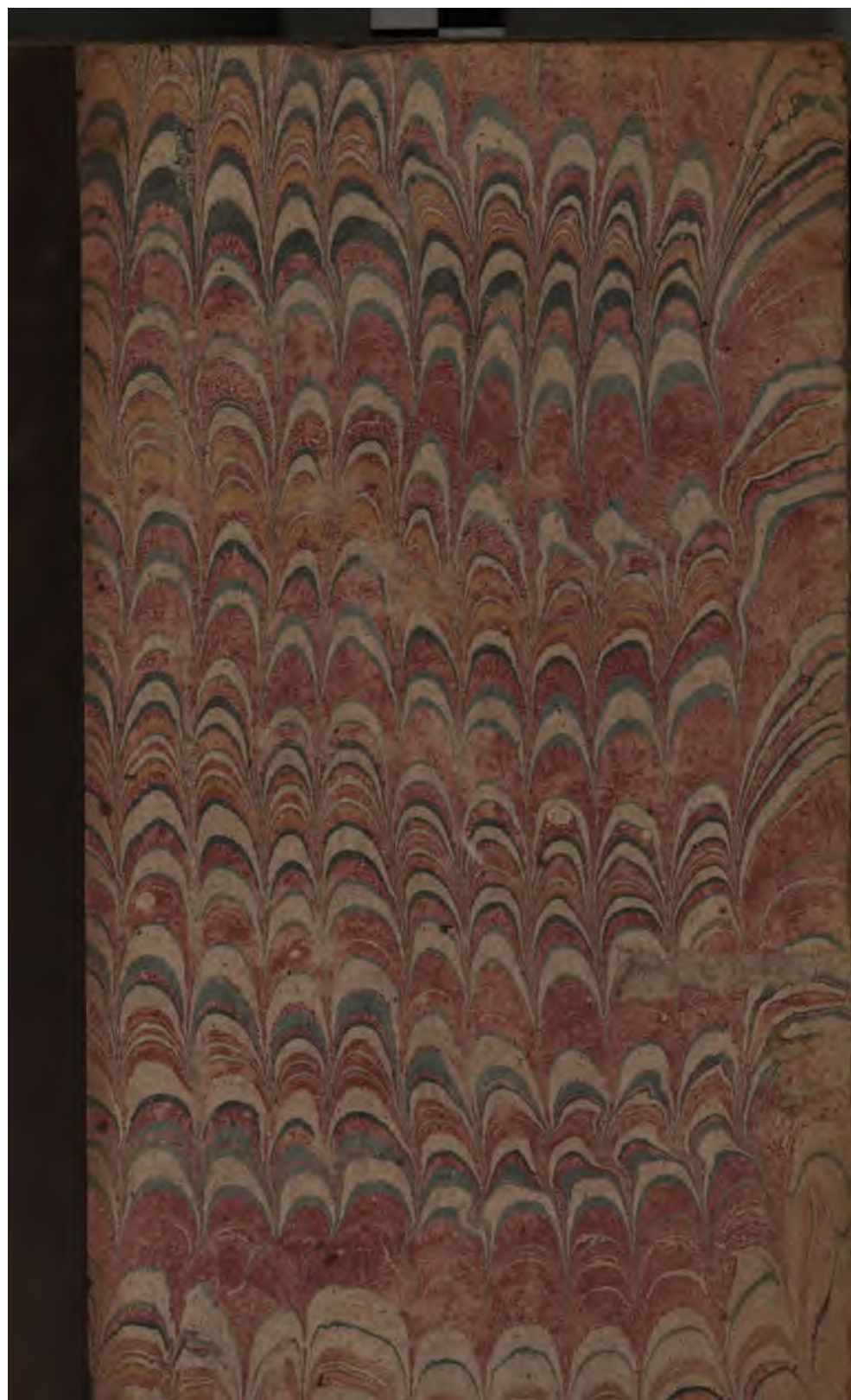
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42.

1115.

H E L A ;
OR,
W O M A N ' S P R I D E :

A POEM,
IN TWO CANTOS.



BY
CHARLES UTTING.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

LYNN:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
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11/5.

ERRATA.

Page 19, Line 13, [in some copies] for "could'st," read "could'st".

— 51, — 20, for "from a lord" read "from a *foreign* lord".

P R E F A C E .

The Author, in offering the following Poem to the notice of the Public, is encouraged to hope that it will not meet with a general and unqualified condemnation. That it has many faults, he is sensible ; but at the same time, he trusts that it will not be found wholly devoid of beauties. It was originally written some five or six years back, and although it has since that time undergone considerable alterations, may, perhaps, be considered still to abound with those crudities of conception, and sentiments of false philosophy, the almost necessary attendants upon a composition conceived, and first executed, almost in the days of mere boyhood ; nevertheless, as a maiden effort, he hopes his readers will each look upon it with the eye of a lenient, rather than with those of a severe critic.

The first Canto partakes too much of the colloquial, to please even the Author himself ; and the second may, perhaps, be too purely imaginative, to please others ; but, the Author conceives that he has not drawn more largely upon the imagination, than the nature of his subject—and a poet's license—justified him in doing. There may, indeed, be a state of things supposed that was never co-existent with a general belief in the Fairy superstition, and the attributes and inclinations of the Fairies themselves, may not be such as were in by-gone ages, assigned to them as a race. in the traditions of which they were then the frequent theme—having generally been considered as malicious and mischievous in their propensities—but as they were not so universally, and as it suited his subject to make them appear in an

opposite and more favorable light, he has done so ; considering, that if ever they existed at all, they were quite as likely to be one, as the other.

Again. The Author, in describing the Fairies, has omitted all mention of their attire. Green is the color said to have been worn by them, perchance because, like the milk-maid in the fable, they considered it to "become their complexions best ; " but, as the Author does not pretend to be a connoisseur in female costume, he has left a void in his description, to be filled up by the judgment or imagination of his readers. Those who would adhere to the strict letter of the traditions, may suppose of each, that, like her who seduced Thomas the Rhymer* to follow her to Fairy Land,

" Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne ; "

while those who may, like the Author, think that this would savour too much of sameness, may, also like him, conclude that

Each that costume did adorn
Which in her subject-clime was worn.

In conclusion, should any readers, in the fulness of their scepticism, question the existence of the Fairy Land the Author has described as forming no portion of this " terrestrial ball, " and in imaginary triumph demand its whereabouts, he begs to refer them to the Paradise of Milton, and the Utopia of Moore ; assuring them, that wherever and whenever these may be discovered, *his* Fairy Land will be at no great distance. The Author's own opinion is, that it exists in the nearest of the fixed stars ; and those who are not satisfied to take this statement upon trust, may prove its situation elsewhere—if they can.

Lynn, Sept. 1842.

*See Sir W. Scott's Ballad of that name.

H E L A .

CANTO I.

I.

Lord Norwald's halls, one festive night,
Contain'd a gay and glittering throng;
A thousand lamps' united light
Shone on the dance that swept along.
The rich, the beautiful, the gay,
Were gather'd in that bright array;
The noble and the mighty there
Bow'd low in homage to the fair;
And, 'mid the splendour of the scene,
The sparkling gem, and diamond's sheen,
All eyes were fix'd on beauty's Queen.

II.

And who was she—admir'd of all
That stood within Lord Norwald's hall?

He is her sire, and this array—

Wealth, fame, and power, and rank now meet
To celebrate her natal day,

And yield their homage at her feet.
And many a proud heart in that hour
Unconscious yielded to the power
Of female beauty, and became
The victim of a transient flame ;
For, though as high-born dames were there,
Though many beautiful and fair
Were gathered in her father's hall—
Hela stood loveliest of them all.

III.

Majestic in her stature, fair

As poets paint a Venus, she,
With eyes all dark and raven hair,
Stood worshipp'd 'mid that revelry.

A Byron's pen alone could tell

Her form's full power, and paint her charms ;
Her chisell'd lips, her bosom's swell,

Her delicately rounded arms ;
Her eyes, which flash'd forth love, and all

That binds the heart in beauty's thrall.
 More beautiful she look'd that night
 Than she before had ever seem'd ;
 The glances of her eyes more bright—
 For then love's rays first from them beam'd ;
 'Twas then before her view there came
 One who had youth, rank, wealth and fame ;
 And manly beauty to command
 A maiden's virgin heart and hand.
 They met—he spoke—his voice was bland—
 His words were sweet—his gaze was full
 Of admiration, chaste and pure,
 That would at once all doubtings lull
 Of passion shewn forth but to lure.
 Thus Hela felt, and felt within
 Her heart a something new begin
 To shed its influence, and to dawn
 Upon her as a cloudless morn
 Dawns on the earth—a promise fair
 The day an aspect bright will wear.
 Alas ! she then but little knew
 That, often beautiful to view,
 Love enters there a welcome guest,
 And staying—cankers in the breast ;

But deem'd that if he lov'd again,
Her life would know nor woe nor pain.

IV.

He did love—deeply felt her power ;
Their hearts were kindred from that hour ;
And not a fear or hope appear'd
To one, but soon the other shar'd ;
And no pure joy was lack'd, that each
Could place within the other's reach.
They were a happy pair I ween
While love existed young and green !
Time sped—and, it could do no less
 For beings such as they,
Upon its wings brought happiness—
 Too soon to pass away.
Young Ernest was a soldier ; high
 He rank'd among the sons of fame ;
For bravery and victory
 Were blended with his honor'd name.
And, lo ! war's trumpet sounded loud,
And banded heroes, crowd on crowd,
Were hasten'd from their native land
In murd'rous conflict to withstand

Their country's foes, and high uprear
 Its banners in a foreign air :
 And Ernest, honor'd with command,
 Accompanied the gallant band.
 But ere he went, he sought the side
 Of her he hop'd to call his bride,
 And pour'd forth all his soul in love ;
 And thousand promises he gave
 That he would ever constant prove
 When absent far beyond the wave.

V.

Sweet Hela listen'd fondly then ;
 But thoughts within her breast there mov'd
 Of many faithless, fickle men
 Who, absent, had inconstant prov'd
 Unto their loves—in spite of vows
 That might all powers unseen arouse :
 Then rose the question, “ Why should he
 Who bows thus fondly at my knee
 Not do the same, and snap the chain
 Which twines around our hearts—in twain ?”
 A mournful look her face o'erspread ;
 Her hands were on her drooping head

As firmly clasp'd as though the thought
 An overwhelming anguish brought.
 A moment thus, and all her fears
 Were vented in a flood of tears,
 Through which a smile angelic broke
 As thus she to her lover spoke :—
 “ My Ernest, thou art going far—

Oh ! very far away from me ;
 May fortune be thy guiding star,
 And bring thee back across the sea.

My heart is heavy now ;—my soul
 Has fears that I would fain control ;
 Fears that thy going forth will prove
 Unfav'ring to our mutual love ;
 And which, in spite of my fond will,
 Rise ever and oppress me still.
 But I will not mistrust thee—no ;
 Go, Ernest, and be happy ; go,
 And in the perils of the fight,
 May God protect and guide thee right.
 Go, I shall pray for thy return,
 And fondly for thy presence yearn ;
 But every care will be repaid
 And every hope—though long delay'd—

Be well fulfill'd, if thou but be
Constant to love, thyself, and me."

VI.

"Forget thy fears, my Hela ! why
Should such a thought claim empire now ?
Why shouldst thou, fond one, deem that I
Shall break my oft repeated vow ?
Come, rouse thee, Hela ; for there's nought -
That can by earthly powers be brought
To bear upon the human mind—
Not all the efforts of mankind—
Can burst the bonds of love, which twine
Around and bind my soul to thine :
No thought of other love can stay,
Or come, where thine has once held sway.
Farewell ! and when again I call
Upon thee in thy father's hall,
'Twill be with love, and joy, and pride,
To claim thee for my beauteous bride."
One burning kiss—one long farewell ;
A sigh that makes the bosom swell ;
Another—and now all is o'er,
Ernest has sail'd from England's shore.

Speed ! speed ! fair bark, or Hela's sighs
Will draw thee back to Hela's eyes !

VII.

Time roll'd—and Hela knew no change ;
Her love was fix'd and could not range ;
'Twas given all to one, and she
Was doom'd his bride, or none, to be.
His love was as a vision bright
Which grew more glorious to her sight
The longer that she gaz'd ; and all
Her soul was yielded to its thrall.
Her memory clung to him, as though
 Earth had no farther boon to give :
She felt that she no change could know,
 Or losing love, must cease to live.
But now there came a change, which turn'd
 Upon herself her love's strong tide ;
Which, though the passion fiercely burn'd,
 Brought it in contact with her pride.
Wealth,—all was round her that could fling
 Ease, comfort, splendour, o'er her life ;
 And freedom from the world's wild strife :
All that man, woman, e'er could crave,

Or wish, or hope, or pray for, save
 One lone and solitary thing—
 Her Ernest's presence—and yet she
 Was tortur'd with anxiety ;
 Doubts rose again within her breast,
 And banish'd all her wonted rest,
 That all his vows, so fondly spoken,
 Would, 'ere he should return, be broken.

VIII.

He came at length—at least he came
 Again unto his native shore,
 His hearth, his home— but not the same—
 He came—but not for Hela more.
 A tale was whisper'd in his ear
 By one who lov'd as fond as he,
 But did not ~~her~~ affection share,
 Of Hela and inconstancy.
 The tale was fram'd, 'twas told, believ'd ;
 And though it rankled in the core
 Of his true heart, and sorely griev'd
 Him, he resolv'd to see no more ;
 It was not that his heart was chang'd ;
 No—his affections had not rang'd :

He'd lov'd her as a thing divine,
 And, though he deem'd her worthless now,
 His sorrow'd soul before her shrine,
 Involuntary, seem'd to bow.
 Aye ! though he from her presence kept,
 How oft he for that presence wept !
 She knew not, though she wonder'd, why
 He came not to her side ;
 And, when the truth was told, one sigh,
 One tear, unbidden, in her eye,
 Was all that spoke her misery ;
 But, silent, issued from her soul
 A flood, which love could not control,
 Of high indignant pride.

IX.

Once she was gay—the hue of health
 Was her's, and all the pomp of wealth :
 But all that power and pomp can give,
 And wealth, to those on earth who live ;
 And all the homage beauty brings
 To those who beauty may possess,
 And all the ease to health that clings,
 Are not enough for happiness :

No—though they may united shine,
 A mortal's life to gild;
 Though all their influence combine,
 The fabric strong to build :
 And though they vanquish other foes
 That enter on the field—
 If ill-requited love oppose—
 The vict'ry they must yield.
 She was a victim to its power,
 And oh ! how many curs'd the hour
 When first to her pure breast it came,
 A joyous and a hallow'd flame—
 A thing which beautiful appear'd—
 To leave it desolate and sear'd.

X.

Who, when his course o'er love's wide sea
 Has been from storm and danger free—
 Moving all gently on his way,
 Unspotted by the Ocean's spray,
 With not a cloud the sun to hide—
 His bright beams dancing o'er the tide—
 Can tell to others, or can prove
 Himself, the boundless power of love ?

But some there are with passions warm,
 Have lov'd, and lov'd without success,
 And felt the havoc of the storm
 Within their inmost hearts' recess.
 Behold yon monarch on the strand ;
 The waves loud dash upon the sand ;
 List ! while his mandate issues forth
 That they at once must stay their wrath ;
 The rolling waters must not dare
 To touch him in their free career ;
 Yet, heedless of him, on they wash,
 And their rude spray upon him dash !
 And, just as vain 'twould be to tell
 The heart that loves without return
 To o'erthrow its idol, and to quell
 The passions which within it burn !

XI.

The rose from Hela's cheek was fled ;
 And all her joyous feelings dead ;
 No more her voice was heard in song ;
 She mov'd no more the dance along.
 Many a suitor to her came
 Of noble blood, and wide-spread fame,

(For through the land the news spread fast
 That Ernest's love for her was past)
 And offer'd heart and hand, but she
 No charms to move her love could see ;
 And yet, when question'd, she would say
 She should in anger turn away,
 Or meet him with a calm disdain,
 If Ernest offer'd love again.
 Some smil'd to hear her ; but her sire
 But too well knew her native fire,
 Her pride of soul, would make her scorn,
 E'en though that soul with love were torn.

XII.

Another sun—and then he came,
 With fear and hope upon his brow ;
 He bends before her—sighs her name ;
 But coldly looks she on him now.
 A change, a mighty change, is here !
 No kindly greeting meets his ear :
 Those lips once smiling with delight
 Whene'er he stood before her sight,
 Now with disdain were proudly curl'd ;
 Those eyes, once with affection bright,

.Whene'er he came within their view,
 Indignant glances on him hurl'd,
 And sought to pierce his motives through,
 Who stood convicted—false—untrue;
 That tongue, which once in silvery tone,
 Had promis'd to be his alone—
 Now spoke in accents harsh and stern,
 As she essay'd from him to turn,
 Whose slightest wish had been her law
 A few short, fleeting years before.
 In vain, he strove to stem the tide,
 To check the current of her pride;
 In vain, he told himself deceiv'd
 By one he had too soon believ'd;
 In vain, he urg'd her to forgive—
 To yield her heart to him once more—
 Vowing for her alone to live;
 For she had heard those words before.

XIII.

“How! dost thou say if I forgive
 That thou for me wilt ever live?”
 Hela exclaim'd in accents high
 Of keen and biting irony;—

"Forgive thee ! thou who once didst swear,
 By all that is to man most dear—
 By heaven, by earth, by yon bright sun—
 By all thy fame and honor won—
 By thy own soul—I hear thee sigh—
 Thy hopes of immortality—
 That thou would'st ever own my sway,
 And hear my will but to obey !
 I yielded to thee then, and oh,
 What have I reap'd from love, but woe ?
 I lov'd thee, therefore I believ'd ;
 For then, I knew thee not as now ;
 Nor deem'd I thou could'st have deceiv'd
 As time has prov'd that thou canst do.
 But, now again thy vows I hear
 Of love, unalterably strong,
 They fall unheeded on my ear
 As does the wind that moans along.
 Go—and if love thy soul doth fire—
 Go, weep beneath a woman's ire !

XIV.

She turn'd and would have left him, " No,
 Hela, thou shalt not from me go ;

Thou art unjust to me, for I
 Knew not I caus'd thee misery.
 'Twas told—and told me by a brother—
 Thou wert affianc'd to another.
 I knew not that his love on thine
 Was fix'd, as firmly as is mine ;
 And never, till that hour, had I
 Heard him give utt'rance to a lie ;
 And who would think a brother's tongue
 Thy heart and mine could thus have wrung ;
 Or stoop to fraud so base, as ever
 The ties of name and blood to sever ?
 If thou hast suffer'd, so have I—
 A fierce, soul-scorching misery,
 Which nought can ease, and nought can end,
 But thy forgiveness and thy hand.
 Then heal the wound—thy own wound heal—
 End all the pains which both now feel ;
 Burst through the trammels of thy pride,
 And, Hela, be at once my bride.”

XV.

“Thy bride—no never, while yon sun
 Shall his career of glory run—

Never—while earth's foundations stand,
 Or rolling seas shall lave the land—
 Never—although I love thee still

As mortals seldom love below—
 Shall aught o'ercome my firm, fix'd will,
 Or urge me to forget this vow.

Thy brother told a tale, that I
 Was false to my fond vows and thee :

Why not then to my presence fly,
 And tax me with my perjury ?

But no, 'twas told—and 'twas believ'd—
 How easily thou wert deceiv'd.

And dost thou think that I again
 Shall place my heart within thy power ?

Thou canst so easy snap the chain

That binds thee to thy lady's bower—
 So little faith thou dost repose in

Her, whom for thy bride thou'st chosen—

That, were I now to yield again

My whole affections to thy reign,

I should expect to-morrow's dawn

Would find thee to another gone.

A second tale might reach thy ear,

Which thou would'st soon believe as hear.

XVI.

A moment then in musing mood,
 Gazing on vacancy, she stood.
 Some softer feelings o'er her came;
 What woman had not felt the same?
 Her thoughts went back through ev'ry scene
 In which love mingled, calm, serene,
 To that glad night when first she saw
 Whom now she wish'd to see no more.
 "'Tis time," she thought "to end this theme;
 Would I could treat as one dark dream
 All that I have endur'd, and prove
 E'en yet, from this unhappy love.
 Oh, that it ne'er had been a guest
 Within my fond and ardent breast,
 Or, that it were not thus allied
 With such inexorable pride.
 Pride! is pride—alone and pure?
 Can that my happiness secure?
 'Tis pride with prudence well combin'd."
 'Twas thus she silenc'd ev'ry thought
 Of kindling love within her mind;
 For many such there rose, and brought
 The future up before her view,
 In which, in all its colors true,

Despairing love stood forth to warn
 And rouse her ere its hour were gone.
 'Twas love's last effort, and 'twas vain ;
 For, deeming if she yielded now, .
 He might once more forget his vow,
 And open ev'ry wound again,
 The yearning feelings which rebell'd
 Against her pride, she instant quell'd ;
 And thus again the silence broke,
 Her strength fast failing as she spoke.

XVII.

"List to the last few words thy ear
 From willing lips of mine may hear.
 —In irony not now I speak—
 Gaze thou upon my faded cheek,
 Where is the hue which once sat there ?
 And look upon my sunken eye,
 Is aught like pleasure in its glare ?
 What tell these but of misery ?
 Say, are not these enough to prove
 That I have lov'd thee, and still love ?
 Yet, were I now of all bereft,
 And couldst thou now before me stand

With England's crown in thy right hand,
 And with salvation in thy left,
 I—poor, and friendless, and forlorn—
 Would laugh thy proffer'd love to scorn.
 Farewell ! Away ! nor to me cling ;
 Nor hope that time a change may bring ;
 It cannot, Ernest, for thou hast
 Thrown, as a barrier, the past
 Between my heart and thine, and thou
 Must quit me—and for ever— now.”

XVIII.

Her powers had fail'd ; there came a hue,
 A deadly hue across her face ;
 A tremor swept her frame all through,
 And reason totter'd to its base.
 She turn'd away— a moment more—
 Senseless she lay upon the floor :
 Ernest bent down, and fix'd his gaze
 In terror on her marble face ;
 He call'd her madly by her name—
 No answer from her lips there came ;
 He bore her to the open air—
 No sign of life came o'er her there ?

He bore her back into the hall—
 Fruitless and vain his efforts all,
 For, still she lay as though she slept,
 And Ernest turn'd aside, and wept.
 Her maidens come and place her head
 Upon her soft and downy bed ;
 Hour after hour they tend her there—
 The same pale cast her features wear—
 And when the morning dawns, and she
 Seems waking from her trance to be,
 'Tis but to swell their sorrow more ;
 For, in her eyes, a fearful glare,
 A wild, unknowing, vacant air,
 Proclaims that reason's reign is o'er.

XIX.

The waters of the ocean roll
 Impetuous on, from pole to pole :
 The works of man they sweep away,
 The toil of years, in one short day.
 Fleets, that at morn in triumph ride,
 At night lie whelm'd beneath the tide.
 It undermines the fertile field,
 The land before its power must yield,

It sinks, the waters cover o'er,
 And ocean rolls where once was shore.
 Yet, though surrounded by its tide,
 Yon rock for ages has defied
 Its power, and still it stands secure—
 Despite the wrath of ocean, sure—
 The storm may hide it from our ken,
 The surge may rise above it then ;
 But all its power is spent in vain,
 The waves rebounding back again ;
 And lowering there its flag of pride,
 The mighty current turns aside.
 And thus with passions in man's breast ;
 Love rules triumphant o'er the rest ;
 Ambition yields before its sway,
 And avarice gives its gold away ;
 Wild natures that nought else can tame
 Are soften'd by its powerful flame ;
 And hearts all hard and steep'd in crime,
 Learn virtue in its temp'ring clime :
 But, as the ocean in its course
 Meets rocks that still resist its force,
 So love, the tyrant of the soul,
 A passion that its power defied,

And spurn'd and laugh'd at its control,
 Hath found in woman's injur'd pride.

XX.

'Twas thus with Hela ; while her love
 Continued prosperous to prove,
 Its current mov'd with gentle flow,
 Scarce conscious of the rocks below ;
 But, when her Ernest sought no more,
 And slighted her who lov'd too well,
 The insult sank to her heart's core ;
 The current then began to swell.
 Had Ernest ever shunn'd her then,
 And come no more beneath her ken,
 The storm perchance had died away,
 Or settled into calm despair ;
 Her heart had never risen gay,
 Yet peace perchance might enter there :
 But when he came, and came to tell
 The tale which made his heart rebel,
 His words did but increase her ire,
 And, lo ! the flowing tide rose higher.
 Her reason, borne upon that tide,
 Struck hard upon the rock of pride ;

Her soul, affections, all its prey,—
A wreck, she on love's waters lay.

XXI.

Who, that upon a face hath gaz'd,
Where loveliness sat thron'd supreme ;
And scann'd it well until amaz'd,
Such beauty should on mortals beam ;—
Who, that hath mark'd its rose's hue,
So sweetly mingled, and so true
Unto its emblem—one might well
Deem that he could its odour smell :—
Who, that hath gaz'd upon an eye
Lighted by joy, or hope, or fear ;
When soul with ev'ry glance would fly,
And intellect seem'd cent'red there ;
And gaz'd upon a peaceful brow
Serene and calm, and pleasant now :—
Then gaz'd upon that face once more,
In vain for beauty to explore ;
The roses vanish'd, and the hue
Of death to every feature true ;
And gaz'd upon that eye again,
Where joy and hope no longer reign ;

All vacant, dull and lifeless, save,
 When a bright flame is burning there,
 Which might have sprung up from the grave,
 So fierce and chilling is its glare :
 And look'd again upon that brow,
 All care-worn and contracted now ;
 And hath not wept that one so fair,
 So very lovely to the eye,
 Should e'er be given by despair
 A victim to insanity ?
 Oh ! chang'd ! How chang'd is Hela ! all
 Her senses held within it's thrall,
 Dead to each scene that charm'd before,
 She lives to conscious life no more.

XXII.

Her sire bent o'er her—she was all
 Of comfort that to him was left—
 It was a heavy blow to fall
 Upon him, who had been bereft
 Of wife and children all, save she
 Who added to his misery.
 Physicians came ; 'twas but to wring
 His heart the more, for they could bring

No science that might heal her brain,
 Or reinstate her reason's reign.
 Oft wander'd to and fro her eyes,
 But none she seem'd to recognise,
 Save once, when Ernest came, and then,
 More firmly fix'd and fierce her ken,
 She laugh'd with wild, hysteric glee,
 And madly cried "'Tis he ! 'Tis he !"
 Then calm she grew, and o'er her soul
 A changeless, death-like torpor stole.
 For days and weeks, her sire had been
 Watching his child—no change was seen ;
 And Ernest often, while she slept,
 Gaz'd on and—gazing on, her—wept.

END OF CANTO I.

H E L A .

CANTO II.

I.

Bright shone the sun on that far land
Where Queen of Fairies holds command,
And scatter'd all its mellow'd light
On objects there, almost as bright.
Far as could reach an eagle's eye,
'Twas one expanse of brilliancy ;
A wondrous sight, that mortal man
Must sigh in vain to see and scan ;
A spot so sweet, that were it given
To mortals, 'twould be deem'd a heaven ;
Each heart would leap with fond delight,
Each eye would kindle at the sight.
Aye ! though one carried all earth's care,
How soon 'twould waste and vanish there !

For, all that could the sight amaze,
 Or tempt and fascinate the gaze ;
 All that could fix the eye, and thence
 With rapture fire the inward sense ;
 All that could misery control,
 Or lull the chidings of the soul—
 Charms that the sons of earth know not—
 Were gather'd on that magic spot.

II.

Flow'rs in myriads rose around,
 Far as the eye could scan the ground,
 Shedding a fragrance on the air
 Which might entice a goddess there ;
 And all their hues so sweetly mingled,
 A separate shade could scarce be singled :
 Ten thousand birds were skimming light,
 With dulcet notes, and plumage bright ;
 Ten thousand gorgeous butterflies
 Shot through the air, with varied dyes,
 And flung around their dazzling rays,
 More brilliant than the diamond's blaze ;
 While, scatter'd here and there, tall trees—
 Beneath the weight of fruit low bending,

All ripe, and moving in the breeze—

The branches rising and descending
With every breath of air that swept,
Or, rather, o'er the landscape crept,
So gently mov'd it to and fro—

And carried forth upon it's wings
An odour mortals never know,

No breeze from Araby e'er brings :
And tiny streams ran here and there,
All gurgling on their way ;
And cascades sounded through the air,
Which glitter'd with their spray.

All these, united, made the scene
More beautiful than Spring's young green ;
More gorgeous and more gay than e'er
Earth's Summer shines, or Autumn fair.

III.

But, all the charms which nature flung
So bountifully o'er the scene—
The flowers that grew, the birds that sung,—
Though never had such beauty been
Collected on one spot before—
By art were proudly triumph'd o'er ;

For, in the centre rose a pile,
 With lofty roof and lengthen'd aisle ;
 High as that tower, which, in his pride,
 To raise to heaven, vain Nimrod tried ;
 More gorgeous than Aladdin's hall,
 With all its precious gems, and all
 The more than earthly skill and might
 Which rear'd it up within a night.
 The palaces of eastern kings,
 With all their gay and glittering things,
 Compar'd with this light, fragile pile,
 Would sink into contempt the while,
 It was so delicately rear'd,
 And yet so beautiful appear'd.

IV.

'Twas circular in shape, and stood
 Without the aid of stone or wood ;
 Of substance form'd like crystal clear,
 And like, but brighter, than the air ;
 And which, more precious far than gold,
 Was worth Earth's treasures ten times told.
 It seem'd as if from Earth 'twas come,
 Forth of itself, a perfect dome.

From the foundation rose a wall,

In which four portals open'd wide,

In gem-bedeck'd and burnish'd pride ;

And then, in like proportion all,

A hundred columns that a man

Might easy with his fingers span—

While, through the centre of each one,

A stream of colors seem'd to run

From basement-stone to capital,

So mix'd and mingled as to fall

Upon the vision like a river

Of rainbows, flowing on for ever—

Sustain'd a hundred arches wide ;

And, carv'd fantastical, o'er all

There ran a nich'd and fretted wall,

From which, the roof in all its pride,

Rose towering to the sky ;

A thousand tiny suns, all bright,

Sent from that roof a flood of light ;

A thousand systems, rolling on,

Gather'd fresh lustre from each sun,

And shed around a radiant hue

Might fascinate an angel's view—

Which heav'n could not outvie—

And every clear and crystal wall,
 And floor, like one vast emerald, green,
 Its rays reflected through the hall,
 And, oh ! it was a glorious scene !

V.

I've gazed upon the Summer's sun,
 Just sinking in the distant west,
 'Neath the deep Ocean, to his rest,
 When he had finish'd his day's duty—
 Deck'd in his glorious robes of dun,*
 Vermilion, purple, green, and gold,
 Blue, silver, mingling fold on fold—
 When every shade of every dye
 Was gather'd round him, and the sky
 Look'd like a sea of burnish'd beauty :
 And oft I've seen the rainbow spread
 His arch high over Earth's proud head,
 And gaz'd enraptur'd on its changing,
 Through every hue and color ranging :
 And oft I've seen, in some wide field,
 Burst brilliant on my view,

See Lord Byron's description of a rainbow—Don Juan,
 Canto II., Stanza 92nd.

A radiance such as gems ne'er yield,
 From gossamer and dew,
 Soon as the mists from earth had risen
 And Sol had left his nightly prison,
 All glitt'ring in his rays, and seeming
 A diamond-spangled carpet, gleaming !
 But what were these to that fair hall ?
 As dull as is cold Winter's pall,
 As dark as Winter's drearest night,
 Compar'd with Summer's noontide light.
 A throne—were one within my power—
 I'd give, to wander there an hour !

VI.

Vying in splendour with this hall,
 And, shadow'd by it's lofty wall,
 A hundred couches, form'd of flowers—
 Not such as grow in mortal bowers,
 Which bloom to fade and die,
 But such as spring immortal there,
 And ever scent the ambient air,
 And glitter to the eye—
 A circle form'd around a throne,
 That with surpassing lustre shone ;

On this reclin'd the Fairy Queen,
 Smiling all sweetly on the scene.
 The couches bore a race, so small,
 They might have pass'd for children, all,
 Save for a look mature, which told
 That many years had o'er them roll'd.
 Yet was there nought of age or care
 Express'd in any feature there ;
 But, something which proclaim'd that never
 Would time their beauty from them sever !
 And, oh ! no mortal's pen could tell,
 No angel's paint that beauty well !
 I would not—dare not—mar or harm
 A single Fairy's single charm,
 So will not tarry to describe
 The sep'rate beauties of the tribe.
 The full, voluptuous form was there,
 With deep black eye, and raven hair,
 Such as Italia's daughters wear ;
 And the fair face of English hue,
 With lighter hair and eye of blue,
 But not less lovely to the view ;
 And every feature 'neath the sun—
 But, of her daughters, Earth has none

Who would not yield the palm to all
 Then gather'd in that ample hall ;
 Nor was one there, who would not yield
 It to their Queen, in beauty's field.

VII.

Hark ! how their voices rise in song,
 And roll the vaulted roof along ;
 Hark ! oh, how sweetly soft and clear
 The notes are rising on the air !

SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

Hail ! all hail ! to the Fairy Queen !
 The Queen of the wise and free—
 Kind to her children she e'er hath been,
 Give homage and bend the knee.
 Queen of our race, behold, e'en now
 Due homage we render thee ;
 Loving and just and good art thou,
 To whom we thus bend the knee.

Oh ! could ye tell, ye sons of Earth,
 The blessings to her ye owe,

The health and wealth, the joy and mirth,
 Created by her below,
 From busy town and valley green,
 Oh ! how would ye sing with glee,
 Hail ! all hail ! to the Fairy Queen !
 Give homage and bend the knee !

But men know not, as they should know,
 The Queen of the Fairy tribe ;
 Nor deem, for all of good below,
 They should praise to her ascribe :
 But still we see, as e'er we've seen,
 That loving and just is she ;
 Then hail ! hail ! to the Fairy Queen !
 Give homage and bend the knee !

VIII.

They ceas'd —at once they prostrate lay
 Around her whom they all obey.
 Silent she'd listen'd to their song,
 And now she smil'd upon the throng ;
 Not with a condescending smile,
 Such as the heart ne'er feels the while,

And great men as a favor give
 To those who by their bounty live,
 But one all free and unconstrain'd,
 Of kindness and love unfeign'd.
 She wav'd her wand, (for each, one held,
 Though her's in beauty all excell'd)
 She wav'd her wand— her subjects rose,
 And on their couches sought repose ;
 When, rising graceful on her throne,
 'Twas thus she spoke in winning tone.

IX.

“Children ! I joy that thus ye prove
 My government is one of love ;
 That, though on Earth my name is fear'd,
 'Tis to my subjects all endear'd.
 But, tell me, ye to Earth who've been,
 Since the last moon at full was seen,
 What there ye saw, what there ye did—
 Let nothing from your Queen be hid ;
 Say, is there aught demands our care,
 Or aught should our attention share ?
 Are any poor, deserving wealth ?
 Are any sick, deserving health ?

Are any who still constant prove,
 Yet hopeless mourn for those they love?
 Tell me, and ere a day be gone,
 They shall have lost all cause to mourn.
 Tell me, and hie away to earth,
 To stifle woe—give gladness birth.
 A boon ! a boon ! to all I grant !
 Ask, then, for that which most ye want.”

X.

My pen, and time itself, would fail—
 Nor is it needed by my tale,
 To say how many rose, and told
 Of scenes encounter'd on the earth,
 Of sorrow, misery and mirth,
 Since the last moon its course had roll'd ;
 Nor boots it, now to tell each name,
 Or make each Fairy known to fame ;
 For one alone, of all the tribe,
 'Tis now my portion to describe.
 Small was her figure—light as air,
 Her features, delicate and fair ;
 Her hair, was of an auburn hue,
 Shading her shoulders with its tresses ;

Her eyes, of that soft, melting blue
 Love in its purest form expresses.
 The black eye from beneath its lashes
 May dart more bright and dazzling flashes,
 And boast a fascinating charm
 That sooner may a heart disarm,
 And stamp it with the fire of passion ;
 But 'tis, though fierce, a transient flame
 Withering quickly as it came—
 Too often sated by possession.
 But, the less passionate blue eye,
 Commands a surer constancy ;
 And tells a heart to love resign'd,
 Of gentler, chaster, purer kind.

XI.

And such was Luna, she who now
 Rises from off her couch to speak ;
 Her sisters round, attentive bow,
 While thus her words the silence break:
 “Boldly I come, at thy command,
 To crave a favor at thy hand.
 There is a maiden lives on Earth
 Whom I have watch'd o'er since her birth,

But for a proud and haughty air
 Which sat, with love, upon her features,
 And told she no control could bear,
 Was fairest of all earthly creatures.
 Oft have I gaz'd on her dark eye
 With mingled awe and ecstasy ;
 Oft have I look'd on her sweet smile,
 And wish'd I were of Earth the while ;
 For she was fair, almost, as we,
 And from all guile and sin, as free.
 From infancy her steps I guided,
 And o'er her every act presided ;
 But all in vain, for now she lies,
 To love, another sacrifice.

XII.

“ I need not tell how first I saw
 Her love was prosperous no more ;
 It is enough, that she was left
 Of all it's brightest hopes bereft ;
 That he, who had inspired the flame
 Which hallow'd to her bosom came,
 His plighted vows had broken, all,
 As men from faith too often fall.

And, when he fain would have return'd,
 The man o'er whom her bosom yearn'd
 Was met but with a cold disdain,
 And pleaded all his love in vain.
 Her spirit was too proud to prove
 A second time the sport of love.

XIII.

“ But even then, within her soul,
 Her love was spurning pride's control ;
 And when at last the conflict rose
 So high, it banish'd all repose,
 And she to stay the tumult tried,
 Her reason fell before her pride ;
 Her senses pass'd away, and she
 Was fir'd with fierce insanity.
 Three moons since then have pass'd away,
 And still she lies the same ;
 Though sometimes there a feeble ray
 Of sense will o'er her features play,
 At mention of his name,
 And then a slight and scornful smile
 Will curl her youthful lips the while,
 And vanish as it came ;

But to all other sounds, her ear
Seems clos'd beyond the power to hear.

XIV.

“ And he who was the cause of all
This sad and melancholy change
Hath wept to see the maiden's fall,
And curs'd the hour that saw him range.
And now he wishes that a deed
Of his could give her back to sense ;
And I would pity all his need,
And reason on the maid dispense,
But that I fear 'twould only be
To wake her to fresh misery ;
For she'd no more his homage take
Though her young heart with love should break ;
But scorn again, and in her pride,
Bid him go seek another bride.
But wilt thou suffer me, oh Queen,
To bring to this enchanting scene,
And if I have a sister here
Who will with me the labor share,
I will essay those chains to break
Which bind her soul and pale her cheek.”

XV.

She ended, and at once the Queen
To smile a sweet assent was seen,
And all her sister Fairies there,
Stood ready the attempt to share ;
But two alone she chose of all
Who offer'd, and they left the hall ;
Then on the breeze which midnight brought,
Lord Norwald's castle swift they sought.
Sleeping, yet restless, Hela lay,
But straight they carried her away ;
Nor knew she as she rose so fleet,
That Earth was far beneath her feet.
To Fairy-Land their course they bent,
And softly bore her as they went ;
They laid her in their gorgeous hall
Before their Queen and sisters all,
Who gather'd round the stranger fair,
And many o'er her dropp'd a tear ;
Wond'ring how beings such as she
Deserv'd such wasting misery.

XVI.

They summon'd zephyrs to their aid,
To fan her feverish cheek,

And soothing music round her play'd ;
 For well they knew 'twould be in vain
 To give her senses back again,

 If there were nought to break
 Her sorrow's force, and stem the tide
 Of wounded love and injur'd pride.
 'Twas therefore they had borne her far
 From all that might their labor mar ;
 From all familiar to her eye—
 Each scene of mortal misery.
 A single object might recall
 The thought of what she was, and all
 She once had been, and that would be
 But to renew insanity ;
 And reason, almost ere 'twere given,
 From her recover'd throne be driven.

XVII.

Fair Luna clasp'd the maiden's hand
 And touch'd her forehead with her wand ;
 She woke—she rose— she gaz'd around
 A moment, in amaze profound.
 One wild, mistrustful glance she threw
 On all that met her dazzled view ;

One moment listen'd to the sound
 Of music floating soft around ;
 And then her hands her temples press,
 And tell returning consciousness.
 But ere her memory gain'd its powers
 To carry thought to by-gone hours,
 She heard, approaching from afar,
 The tumult and the noise of war.
 Nearer and nearer still it came,
 And lo ! the mingled smoke and flame
 Burst full upon her sight ;
 And many a horseman wildly then,
 Came rushing on before her ken ;
 And many a troop, in firm array,
 Of footmen mov'd upon their way,
 All mix'd in fearful fight:
 And loud arose the din of battle ;
 The cannon's roar, the musket's rattle,
 Burst on the maiden's ear, and she
 Sat all-appall'd, but could not flee.

XVIII.

Long did she gaze upon the scene,
 And listen to it's roar,

Till gardens gay, and meadows green
 Were drench'd with human gore.
 At length arose a deaf'ning cry
 O'er all the din, of—Victory !
 One army wav'ring, seemed to be
 Upon the eve to turn and flee ;
 The foe came thund'ring on, and they
 Seem'd destin'd for an easy prey,
 When one bold warrior stay'd their flight,
 And rallied them for closer fight.
 Oft 'mid the thickest of the fray,
 His life as though it bore a charm,
 Alone he seem'd to win his way,
 And conquer with his single arm :
 The gaze of Hela on his form
 Was fix'd, where'er that warrior fought ;
 Unheeded was the conflict's storm,
 Nor more of fear or fright she thought ;
 Her heart had whisper'd—and her eye
 Had told—'twas Ernest's victory !

XIX.

The scene was chang'd— the foe was fled—
 No trace of dying or of dead

Where'er the maiden turn'd, was seen ;
 But on a plain all gay and green
 The victor army in array
 Stood, of magnificent display.
 Their arms, all bright and burnish'd, shone
 Resplendent in the mid-day sun ;
 Their martial music sounded loud ;
 Their banners floated free and proud ;
 They came with honors to repay
 The hero of the battle-day.
 He stood before them— not alone,
 The noblest of the land were there—
 Beside a lofty gorgeous throne,
 And diadem all glitt'ring fair.
 Their king, the last of his proud line,
 Had fallen in the fray ;
 And, 'twas in vain he would decline
 The homage they would pay,
 The hero who the fight restored,
 Who rescued from a lord—
 Was now to rule that land, and be
 A monarch o'er the great and free ;
 While she who on his love had frown'd,
 Was now to see her Ernest crown'd.

She saw him to his throne ascend—
 The diadem upon his brow—
 The sceptre grasp'd within his hand—
 The multitude before him bow—
 She heard the distant echoes ring,
 Long and loud, " God save the King ! "

XX.

Once more the scene was chang'd, and he
 In all the pomp of royalty,
 Came, with his proffer'd love to greet,
 And lay his kingdom at her feet.
 She triumph'd in his triumph, felt
 Her soul rejoice in his success—
 Yet scorn'd him, suppliant as he knelt,
 For pride was injur'd not the less.
 His danger in the fight, had banish'd
 Remembrance of her wrongs and woes ;
 While danger lasted pride had vanish'd,
 To reappear at danger's close.
 He pleaded fervently—in vain—
 His heart would ne'er prove false again ;
 That she should share his regal crown—
 She answer'd with a haughty frown—

"Think'st thou a crown can bribe my love,
 Or firmness of my purpose move?
 Worlds would not buy me for thy bride!"
 And, spurning him, she turn'd aside,
 Unconscious all that there had been,
 Was but a Fairy-summon'd scene.

XXI.

It pass'd away—and Hela stood
 Beside the Ocean's rolling flood.
 The sun was sinking, and her gaze
 Was fix'd upon it's last faint rays,
 Gilding the passing wave, when she
 Fell in the waters, suddenly.
 The cliff which held her fragile form,
 Through ages beaten by the spray,
 And undermin'd by every storm—
 Beneath the maiden's weight gave way.
 A sick'ning feeling o'er her heart
 Stole, as she sank beneath the wave;
 A lothfulness from life to part—
 To find a loathsome, wat'ry grave—
 She rose—she struggled—but in vain;
 She sank beneath the tide again;

Heedless, the waters cover o'er,
And Hela recollects no more.

XXII.

When consciousness return'd, she lay
Upon her couch, in height of day,
Her sire first met her sight, and he
Seem'd spent with watching her to be ;
Her maidens, too, stood round her bed,
And pillow'd up her throbbing head.
She utter'd " who hath sav'd my life ? "

And, when 'twas whisper'd " Ernest, " she
Felt she had rather 'mid the strife
Of waters perish'd, than that he
Had sav'd her ; for a claim it gave
That pride itself could scarce defy ;
The life fresh rescued from the grave,
How could a grateful heart deny ?
Her saviour came,—and came again
To seek his pardon—still in vain.
She did not spurn him as before,
But gently smil'd, and mildly spoke—
Yet favor'd not his suit the more,
For, from her lips this sentence broke—

“ I thank thee for the life I owe,
 Would gladly yield it up for thee ;
 Aye ! as thy humble slave would bow,
 But, Ernest, ne’er thy bride can be.”

XXIII.

The magic scene was chang’d once more,
 Within a chamber, Hela sat ;
 Her head was pensively bent o’er
 A miniature of Ernest—that
 Seem’d treasur’d up all fondly, though
 Her pride before him would not bow.
 Her thoughts reverted to that hour
 When first she felt love’s sacred power ;
 And memory many a word and deed
 Of love recall’d, and bliss then known—
 Tending the latent flame to feed,
 And shaking pride upon it’s throne—
 Her heart was soften’d, and her eye
 Gave forth one tear, and one deep sigh
 From her pent bosom sought release,
 And spoke a mind but ill at ease.
 Hark ! was it fancy —did she hear
 That sigh long echo’d on her ear ?

She knew not but she was alone—
 Could echo cause that feeble groan ?
 She turn'd— and there, upon his bed,
 With sunken eye, and color fled,
 Lay Ernest—and the hand of death,
 Seem'd stretching forth to snatch his breath.
 Faintly he murmur'd Hela's name—
 At once burst forth the slumb'ring flame,
 Through after—happier—years to burn
 With power that nought might stem or turn.
 She rose, and knelt beside his bed ;
 She grasp'd his hand, and rais'd his head—
 “ Oh ! live, my Ernest ! live ! ” she cried,
 “ And Hela yet will be thy bride ! ”
 The pride a crown had fail'd to move—
 That gratitude could not subdue—
 That long had triumph'd over love—
 By sympathy was broken through !
 It's yoke was snapp'd, it's usurp'd throne
 Was lost—and love regain'd it's own.
 The Fairies knew their task was o'er ;
 The maiden liv'd to love and sense—
 And, giving her to sleep once more,
 Triumphantly they bore her thence !

XXIV.

The night sped on—the morning broke—
Hela from her long trance awoke :
Rising, on all around she gaz'd,
Bewilder'd, and in thought amaz'd ;
As men who wake from dreaming, seem
To wonder if 'twere but a dream.
At length, full consciousness there came,
And then she utter'd Ernest's name.
They led her to his chamber, where,
A prey to fever and despair,
(He had watch'd o'er her, till the touch
Of fever bound him to his couch,)
He lay—and when she saw his eye,
With misery scorch'd, and heard his sigh,
She o'er him bent, and fondly cried—
“ Live ! Hela yet will be thy bride ! ”

XXV.

Short was the time, and sweet, that sped
Before the happy pair were wed.
The hue of health return'd again
To each, beneath love's fostering reign.
Nought interven'd, their joy to mar,
But fortune shone, their guiding star;

And oft, when she would by him stand,
 And tell her tale of Fairy-Land,
 He smil'd to hear her, and would deem
 'Twas a disorder'd brain's wild dream.

XXVI.

My tale is o'er—farewell, my Muse ;
 Should I again essay to sing,
 Say—wilt thou then thy aid refuse,
 Or sweeter numbers to me bring ?
 My tale is o'er—be mute my lyre—
 Thine is a yet uncertain lot—
 I may no more, perchance, aspire
 To sing, if men approve *this* not ;
 But, should it please the critic eye,
 My hand shall sweep thy strings again ;
 Inspir'd by their applause to try,
 Perchance, some happier—nobler strain.

THE END.



